

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 791

Chapter 791 “Are you afraid that Miss Ella will be upset if the operation is unsuccessful?”

Weston didn't answer.

Ben immediately understood what he meant and sighed. “Okay, I see.”

After speaking, he thought of something again. “What about the matter of Miss Guinevere donating blood to her...”

The man frowned and interrupted. “Don't tell her.”

He didn't want Stella to remember that he had forced her to give blood to Guinevere.

At Old Cohen Mansion, in Guinevere's room. She stared blankly at the suitcases that people had brought in. “...is everything packed?” “Everything's all packed, Miss!”

Mrs. Cohen walked in, and seeing her sad face, she sighed. “Guinevere, don't be too upset. There is no destiny between you and Weston! Stop thinking about him. Your father and I have found a few young men for you, and you will meet them when the time comes.”

Ignoring her, Guinevere asked, “Is everything here?”

These were the things she put in the Ford family's old house. Initially, she was half the hostess there, and if she had waited a few months, she could've become the real Mrs. Ford.

Now, however, all her effort had gone to waste. How could she be satisfied?

Impossible!

“They're all basically here.”

Mrs. Cohen sat beside her. As she watched Guinevere, her heart ached. “Yes. They're all here.”

Suddenly, tears began to pool around her eyes as they got red. “How could he treat me like this? I've loved him for so many years! It's just some clothes, yet he didn't want to see them.”

Mrs. Cohen said, “We don't need it either! Besides Zachary, we won't have anything to do with the Ford family.”

“Yes... I still have Zachary!”

Guinevere came to her senses and wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. “There’s still Zachary between him and me.”

Mrs. Cohen was too stunned to speak. “You still want to be with him?”

“Mom, I love him. I can’t lose him.

“If I don’t have him, everything would be meaningless!” Guinevere suddenly cried out loud.

Before

she could finish, Mrs. Cohen’s face instantly darkened. “You should look at what you’ve become. Even if he doesn’t like you, he can’t embarrass you like this. Even if you have a son, you shouldn’t have to worry about not getting married. Besides, you are also a famous star in the entertainment industry. Why are you afraid that you will not find a man?”

In retrospect , it was actually easy for her to get a man, but what she wanted wasn’t an easy man.

She wanted Weston.

“Wake up! He doesn’t care about you at all. If you continue this, you will only embarrass your father and me!”

“But mom, didn’t you just say we still have Zachary? If Zach is still here, he will treat me better...”

Mrs. Cohen looked at her with great disappointment.” You are obsessed.”

She stood up then said, “From now on, you’re not allowed to go out on your own.”

Her face turned cold, and she warned Guinevere, “We will tell the public that you have suffered from old problems, and you are not in the right mind to go out. Unless you think things out thoroughly, otherwise just stay at home! Don’t go anywhere!”

After speaking, she ignored Guinevere’s pleas, slammed the door, and left.

The night breeze blew with gentle wisps, blowing the curtains open every now and then.

Weston stood in front of the hospital bed, looked down at Stella, who was lying on the bed, and sat down beside her.

His fingers touched her cheek and moved around the area slowly.

Stella had woken up long ago, and she was just pretending to be asleep.

Sensing the touch on her face, she opened her eyes and woke up.

“...what time is it?”

She pretended to have not heard anything and put on a confused expression.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 792

Chapter 792 He rubbed the tip of her nose and asked gently, “It’s very late... Are you hungry? Do you want to eat something?”

She nodded.

After a moment of silence, she suddenly said, “I want Joan’s soup.”

Weston’s movements paused as he touched her forehead, seemingly moved.

After a while, he chuckled lightly. “Okay, I’ll let her bring it to you.”

Stella lay on his arms obediently. “How long did I sleep this time?”

“A long time.” He lowered his head to kiss her hair. “But it’s okay because I will wait for you to wake up.”

When she buried her face in his arms, Stella’s expression changed.

If she hadn’t heard the conversation between him and Ben just now at the door, she would have been moved by his words and believed that he genuinely liked her.

But she heard everything and knew that the man’s words were not believable.

He would always favor Guinevere.

Stella shut her eyes and restrained her emotions. Weston felt her rare tenderness and enjoyed the silence of this moment.

Joan quickly brought the food over. She felt a little distressed seeing the pale-faced Stella lying on the hospital bed. "Ms. Ella, what's wrong with you?"

Just a while ago, she wasn't this thin, but after not seeing her for a few days, Stella seemed to have lost a lot of weight.

As the fact of her kidnapping hadn't been disclosed, Joan wouldn't know what happened to her in the past two days. She just thought she was sick, so she was hospitalized.

Stella couldn't help but think of the conversation she had heard between Weston and Ben.

That man was reluctant to make Guinevere pay the price, so naturally, he wouldn't tell anyone that she was a kidnapper and murderer.

She lowered her eyes, restrained her expression, and replied in a low voice, "It's too late to be bothering you..."

"What are you even saying, miss? If you want to eat, just tell me. After all, that's why I'm here."

They'd been living for quite some time, so a bond had formed between them.

She wouldn't treat Joan like a servant but as a part of her own family, especially since Stella was very easy to get along with

Joan could feel Stella's respect for her, and she naturally paid more attention to her.

"I don't even know why you guys moved out suddenly. You live in that apartment, and there's no one around to care for you... I'm worried I haven't cared for you well."

"Nonsense!" Stella comforted her. "It's just that..."

She paused before looking in Weston's direction and smiled with some embarrassment. "We wanted to have our personal space. It has nothing to do with you."

Hearing this, Joan immediately understood what she meant. "Yes. Of course, I understand."

Weston was looking at his documents, and when Stella said this, he shot her a glance.

She shifted her eyes as if a little shy when they met gazes.

Sure enough, even if she couldn't see Weston's expression, she could feel his mood shift.

He was happy.

"Joan, please stop..." Stella pleaded in embarrassment.

"Fine. I won't. Ms. Ella, you're shy, aren't you!" As she spoke, she teased, "Perhaps I shall soon call you Mrs. Ford!"

The minute her words ended, there was an awkward silence. Stella was quiet.

The mood in the room shifted.

Her words had hit a critical point between the two: their marriage.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 793

Chapter 793 Joan carefully looked at Weston's face, and seeing how silent he'd become, she quickly attempted to smooth things out. "You both share such a good relationship. Those things are actually unnecessary..." Stella was looking at Weston's face, too, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

She pursed her lips and suddenly said, "Of course it's different. It's just that certain people don't want to marry me."

As she spoke, she shot him a blaming gaze.

Clearly, she knew that she was walking on a tight rope.

But at that moment, she could only bet on it.

Weston put down the documents in his hand. Stella couldn't decipher the emotions on his face.

But she could tell that he wasn't against it.

After a while, he walked over to Stella and took the bowl from her hand. "Haven't I already married you?"

Joan thought he was joking, so she breathed a sigh of relief and said with a smile, "Yeah! It's no different from marriage if Mr. Ford spoils Ms. Ella so much!"

Stella merely smiled. She knew that Weston meant

something else.

The man scooped a bowl of soup and waited until it was no longer hot before feeding it to her mouth. Then, seeing that she was eating, he turned to Joan and said, "It's getting late. I'll get the driver to send you home."

Joan immediately understood and stood up. "I'll head home now. If Ms. Ella has any cravings, just tell me!" Stella nodded. "Okay. Be careful on the road." "Thank you, Ms. Ella, Mr. Ford!"

After she left, only the two of them were left in the ward.

Weston patiently fed her.

Stella cooperated and lay in his arms as she ate the food.

The man pinched the tip of her nose. "It seems that you like this. Next time I'll learn from Joan, so I don't have to ask her to come over in the middle of the night."

Stella was a little surprised. "You know how to cook?"

With his abilities, it wasn't a surprise.

But she knew that he liked it when she was amazed by him.

As predicted, Weston smiled and continued feeding her. His mood lightened up a lot.

After eating, he continued reading the documents.

He had been hovering around Stella these days and had neglected work at the company.

Seeing this, she put her arm around him and forbade him to go. "Can't you stay with me a little longer in times like these?"

She frowned, very dissatisfied. Weston lowered his head and kissed her ear. "I'll come to you after I've dealt with this, be good."

Stella looked unhappy. "As soon as you start working, you won't even notice me..."

Weston looked steadily at her, reaching out and caressing her head. "You're different than before."

They had a one-year agreement before this, and Stella tried her best to show her love for him.

But no matter what, there would be traces of fakery. Her accident this time was because of their fight.

He initially thought it would take a while to repair the relationship, but he didn't expect that she would be different from before when she woke up.

Stella's eyes flickered, and she suddenly sighed. She closed her eyes and leaned against his chest. "Can't you see?"

She took his big palm and put it on her heart. "I want to start over with you... um..."

The moment she finished, her chin was suddenly lifted, and a pair of lips landed on hers.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 794

Chapter 794

The intense wave of emotions that coursed through her veins almost drowned Stella.

Weston exerted a little force, pried her mouth open, and stuck his tongue inside.

Stella pushed his chest weakly, trying to push him away, but the man grabbed her wrist and held them together. Pushing them behind her, he kissed her harder. She could tell how excited he was from the strength he was exerting

His overwhelming enthusiasm swept over her, and the heat from his body invaded every spot on her skin.

He was kissing with so much force that it hurt her.

"Uh...Weston..."

Stella whimpered and called out his name, almost out of breath.

He let go of her. But his forehead was still pressed against hers as he let her take some breaths.

After a while, he squeezed her chin and kissed her again, as though moment just now was just to let her rest and not really to let her go.

This time, his kisses lingered longer, and they still carried an irresistible dominance.

He wrapped her whole body in his arms, hugged her closely, but kissed her tenderly.

He treated her like a fragile jewel, yet he couldn't wait to put his mark on every part of her body. He did indeed possess the ability to manipulate, as he gave off a detached, yet contradictory lure.

Her face was crimson, and she couldn't adjust her breathing

Seeing this, Weston laughed. "It's only been a while, yet you can't take in any more?"

Stella pursed her lips and glared at him. "What do you mean by a while? You've been kissing me for ten minutes..."

"Really? I didn't know Mrs. Ford was counting the time."

She clenched her hand into a fist and punched him on the shoulder. "Don't talk about it."

He liked to see her shy. He chuckled lightly and clenched her fist in the palm of his hand.

He was in a good mood. When Mrs. Zhang was here just now, he didn't show his emotions, so it was hard to tell.

Now, she was sure that he was indeed thrilled.

It seemed like she'd made the correct bet.

She had a smile on her face, but in her mind, she was thinking about how to make him believe in herself more.

"You haven't answered my question," Stella reminded him.

Her face had become very red, especially considering how pale she looked earlier, having just recovered from a severe illness. This redness made her look beautiful.

"What did you ask me just now?" Weston pressed his forehead on hers, his eyes wandering over her face, unwilling to miss even the slightest undulation.

The thing he wanted to do most now was to kiss her.

Kiss every part of her body.

His body was filled with tight tension as if suppressing something

Stella's current body wasn't suitable for some intense exercise, so he could only kiss her again and again. She also felt the tension under his muscles. His eyes were hazy, and his lashes drooped slightly.

She opened her mouth slightly, and heat came out as she spoke, "I ask you... Let's start over, okay?"

After a long while, Weston pulled her into his arms, which hurt her a little.

"Okay."

Stella heard him. She perhaps didn't know that he had been waiting for this question for ages. Weston placed his hands on the back of her head and said

in a low voice, "Let's start over."

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 795

Chapter 795 After recuperating in the hospital for a few days, Stella demanded to be discharged.

Weston disagreed initially, but it was tough to say no to her spoiled-child antics. He was already a simp for her coquettish acts, but now that she was staring at him with red and pitiful eyes, he naturally followed whatever she wanted.

Moreover, being discharged from the hospital wasn't an excessive requirement with her current condition. With him by her side, no one would be allowed to harm her.

Ben also saw that he seemed a little too indulgent on Stella recently.

Although he didn't say it, it seemed he would've picked the stars in the sky for her if that was what she wanted.

Ben, however, felt that something seemed off.

After all, Stella should have been bothered about Guinevere. But Weston didn't explain anything and let her go. Stella should've supposedly made a fuss...

But she didn't seem to care much.

But he felt a woman couldn't be so generous about this kind of thing!

There were many times when he wanted to remind Weston. But seeing the relaxed look he had never had, Ben swallowed all those words.

He has been by Weston's side for many years and has never seen him so happy.

All the employees in the company felt that the atmosphere had been much better recently, and the vibe had become very relaxed. Ben knew that this was obviously because of Stella.

If the boss were happy, the employees would be relaxed too.

Although Weston promised Stella that she could be discharged from the hospital, he was still worried about her body and strictly restricted her from traveling.

Of course, it was also more likely that the kidnapping last time made Weston even more on guard.

The point was, Stella was almost bored to death staying at home.

Besides, Weston had been getting off work earlier and earlier every day.

Since the doctor said they were allowed to have sex, the man no longer hid his true nature.

The earlier he came home, the later she would wake up.

It was miserable getting pushed back and forth on the bed.

Today was no different.

She was initially in her small workshop, watching a movie comfortably when she heard the gate unlocking – Stella subconsciously wrapped herself in her little blanket tightly.

At the entrance.

As soon as Weston opened the door, he saw a fluffy ball dashing straight into his arms.

He subconsciously reached his hand to catch her and held her in his arms.

"Be careful."

There was a hint of blame in his tone, but his arms were sincere as they hugged her tightly.

Stella hugged his waist, raised her head, and smiled at him. "You come back so early every day recently. I'm terrified that your company will go bankrupt one day."

The man raised his eyebrows. "Don't worry. Even if the company shuts down, I will be able to support you."

Suddenly, she looked at him thoughtfully. "Seriously though, is there any chance of your company going bankrupt?"

"Why are you asking this?"

Weston picked her up with one hand, took off his suit jacket, and threw it on the porch beside him, weighing her.

"Not bad. You gained some weight." Now a little higher than him, she held his face and looked at him. "Thank you, Mr. Ford, for feeding me lately. I seem to have gained a lot of weight."

"You feel good." He pinched her cheeks.

She smiled and pried away his hand. "Don't touch." The man changed his hand and switched her on his other arm to hold her. "What are you going to do?"

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 796

Chapter

796 When it was all over, Stella was soaking wet from head to toe, most of it sweat.

Panting, she collapsed onto Weston's chest, trying to catch her breath. Even Weston was still a little short of breath. He rested one hand on her back while the other was gently stroking her black hair. There was obviously a huge difference in their stamina because, at this point, Stella was so exhausted she couldn't even lift a finger. All she could do was lie quietly on his chest, utterly drained of energy. The window was left ajar. The breeze that was blowing outside chilled the night. A gust of wind sneaked into the room through the window slit. Stella shut her eyes and shivered. With one hand firmly on her back, Weston turned her over and placed her down snugly on the bed. She then got up and walking over to the window to shut it.

Under the silvery moonlight, Stella could still make out the scratch marks she left on Weston's back. He was completely nude when he got out of bed, and his tall Herculean build was completely exposed, laying bare his defined and compact muscles. He seemed to be glistening in the pale, silvery light.

Stella caught herself staring, so she shut her eyes hastily and blurted, "How could you just get out of bed buck

naked like that?! Aren't you worried that people will see you?"

Weston got back into bed and pulled her into his arms. His hands were starting to wander down Stella's body...

"If I put on some clothes now, I'll have to take them off again, anyway, so why should I bother?"

"No!" Stella turned to him with pleading eyes. "Let's not do it anymore, okay? I'm so tired and sleepy now... Let's just go to sleep..." But Weston's fingers were already inside her.

"No," he answered.

Stella was speechless...

It was already past midnight when they were done. Stella had no energy left in her body, not even to take a bath. As Weston carried her into the bathroom, she found it difficult to even keep her eyes open, so she merely gave him a cursory glance before falling back to sleep. She was just that exhausted.

She wondered where Weston got all the energy from. He had been working all day, yet he still had the strength to ravish her all night. But right now she had no time to complain about any of these things, so she just quietly let him tuck her into bed under a thick layer of blankets.

Weston did not lie down next to her. Instead, he sat down on the bed and watched her fall asleep from exhaustion.

He swept strands of hair behind her ear to reveal that flawless face of hers. She was still flushed red even as she was in deep sleep.

Weston reached a hand under the blanket and rested his palm on her flat belly. Stella instinctively arched her body against it as his warmth transferred onto her smooth skin. He leaned down and planted a kiss on her forehead, then gazed fixedly at her.

He reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a tiny velvet box that housed a diamond ring. He picked it up and slid it on her ring finger.

"Marry me."

His voice rang clearly in the silent night.

As expected, Stella got up very late the next day. She was still in a daze of sleep as she opened her eyes and checked the time on her phone.

It was already noon.

The sun hung high in the sky. Stella closed her eyes and felt the soreness that still plagued her whole body. She tossed her phone aside and sighed softly as she massaged her wrists before pushing the blanket away and hopping out of bed.

Weston was no longer there. Lately he had been leaving home early every day like clockwork. Stella marveled at

his stamina, especially since he would soon be thirty years old, yet his busy schedule seemed to take no toll on him at all.

She was now completely alone in the apartment. Except for the times when someone would come around to do the cleaning, there was basically no one else here except Stella and Weston. She remembered telling Joan that she wished to have privacy and live alone with Weston, and now Weston had given her exactly what she wanted – a place where there were only the two of them.

Stella had to admit that she found the arrangement much to her liking.

The movie was about to be released any time now. Apart from some promotional events that she had to participate in, Stella pretty much had all of her time to herself.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 797 - I

Chapter 797

Stella stood in front of the mirror by the sink, brushing her teeth and washing her face. She couldn't help but notice the dark circles under her eyes. She sighed, stretched, and yawned.

That was when she noticed something strange — there was a ring on her finger! Stella put her toothbrush down and stared agape at the diamond ring. When did it get there?

She stood there unmoving for a long while, thoughts racing in her mind before she finally came to a realization that it was probably Weston who put it on her finger last night, even though she had no recollection of it happening at all.

Weston had been... Savage with her last night. She didn't

even remember when she fell asleep.

The discovery of the ring gave her mixed feelings. She took it off and left it on the bathroom counter before going about her day, no longer wanting to think about it. Then she received a text message from Weston telling her that he'd already prepared her breakfast and kept it in the fridge. Stella then replied with a sweet message to him, but even if the message itself was affectionate, the real expression on her face at the time was stony and stolid.

She tossed her phone aside and ate her breakfast. Then she went back to the bathroom and put the ring back on her finger before taking a picture of it and sending it to Weston.

"Strange," wrote the message that accompanied the photo. "I woke up and suddenly found a ring on my finger!"

Weston's phone vibrated in the middle of a meeting. His eyes darted towards it, and after glancing at the screen, a smile crept across his face.

The person giving him a report was startled. He didn't even dare to breathe. Why did Mr. Ford smile all of a sudden? What did it mean? Was he being sarcastic about

it?

Meanwhile, Ben had noticed it too, but he instantly understood what was happening. No one else in the world could make Weston smile like that. He gestured to the person presenting his report to keep going and don't be distracted.

When the meeting was over, Weston's private life usually became the hot topic of discussion, especially among those in the secretary's office.

"Did you notice that the boss seems to be in a really good mood lately?"

"Yeah," another replied, "perhaps we'll be hearing some good news soon!"

"What do you mean? Is he getting married?"

"But wasn't he already married to that famous actress?" argued another employee whose office was a little further from Weston's than the rest. "I think her name is Guinevere Cohen, right?" "I see that none of you have any idea!" sneered another employee who was one of Weston's secretaries. She was standing in front of the restroom mirror, fixing her lipstick. "Mr. Ford had broken up with G

Guinevere Cohen a long time ago!
He's currently with another woman. He even brought her here before!"

"Are you serious?!"

The revelation had caused a stir among the group. Most of them were still skeptical, though. "But they have a child together, don't they? When exactly did they break up?"

"What's so strange about that? Mr. Ford isn't even thirty yet! It's totally normal for him to break up or get a divorce!"

"That may be true, but surely it's different when they have a child together, right?"

"So what if they have a child together? Normal people get divorced even when they have children together all the time. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if people like Mr.

Ford and Guinevere Cohen did it too!"

"But Guinevere Cohen always seems so in love with our president! I remember her saying in an interview that their whole family was going on a vacation together. She even kind of implied that they were very much in love with each other!" "Well, aren't all superstars like that? They've got a public image to maintain after all!" "Are you really sure about this?" The others remained incredulous. "Maybe Mr. Ford is thrilled right now because Guinevere Cohen is pregnant again!" "Ugh, believe whatever you like! I don't care!"

The group went on to discuss the matter when someone suddenly emerged from one of the toilet booths and gave them a cold hard glare.

"Stop wasting your time gossiping and talking nonsense!" she barked. "If you had so much time, why don't you think about how to do better at your job and make fewer mistakes so you can go home earlier?"

[Read Next chapter 798](#)

Avoid other websites because I am the only one who worked hard. I'm providing the daily new chapters novel: Mr. Ford Is Jealous. If You guys interested to read this novel then follow this website 'i.com' . Also Please bookmark this page to get next update. Thank you

. If you are enjoying this book so far, please do leave a review on the main page and vote by leaving a gem. See you all tomorrow!

Chapter 798 Everyone instantly fell silent. Nobody argued with Daisy. They used to discuss all these things with her in the past, but things were different now.

Daisy was now Xavier Ford's girlfriend, after all.

Daisy herself seemed to have changed—she gave off the impression that she held the same position as the company's second-in-command, Wendy Ford.

As time went by, the other employees in the secretarial office no longer regarded her as a colleague but as one of their bosses. Unsurprisingly, as soon as she appeared, the others immediately clammed up and scattered back to their respective offices.

Alone, Daisy strode towards the sink and splashed water onto her face. She let out a long sigh, her face echoing the knotted frustrations she was feeling.

As Xavier's girlfriend, she was fully aware that Weston had indeed broken up with Guinevere Cohen. Still, she just felt inexplicably... embittered.

She had always presumed that no matter how much Weston liked Ella, he would never break up with Guinevere Cohen because the difference in their social standing was just too immense to ignore. After all, men never prioritized love and romance the way women did —

they always separated the emotional matters from the matters of benefits and interests. Daisy

had always been sure that no matter how much Weston loved Ella, he would never do anything that would bring more harm than benefits to himself.

Yet, to her surprise, Weston would do such a thing as breaking his engagement to Guinevere Cohen, thus spoiling his relationship with the great Cohen family, just because of Ella...

In that case, didn't it mean that she herself had a chance with him too?

Meanwhile, in a cozy but elegantly furnished cafe, Stella was sitting across Wendy at a table. She had never liked drinking coffee. She hated its bitter taste. Yet, the more she tried it, the more she warmed up to it. She could even drink a cup of black coffee without any complaints now.

"I've heard everything about what happened between you and Gwen."

Wendy took a sip from her coffee and put the cup down on the saucer.

"Still," she sighed, "I never expected her to be capable of doing such a horrible thing."

Although the truth was not known by the public because the Cohen family had aggressively suppressed the

circulation of the news, the two families involved knew perfectly well who had ordered the kidnapping of Ella Steele. "It's all in the past now," Stella responded with a blank face, pursing her lips.

She sounded as if she no longer minded it, but Wendy could sense that there was still a trace of resentment in her heart.

"How has Weston been treating you lately?" she asked, wishing to change the subject.

"He's been treating me well."

"That's good to hear," Wendy replied. "To tell you the truth, I actually like you more than Gwen."

"You are my goddaughter now," she continued, "but it doesn't really mean anything in the greater scheme of things. If only you could really join the Ford family, that would be great, wouldn't it?"

Stella said nothing. She picked up her cup and sipped her coffee.

"So, how is Zach doing?" she asked, suddenly bringing up Weston and Guinevere's child.

Wendy was initially startled, but she then smiled and understood what Stella was implying. "Zach had been with his nannies all day lately," she told

Stella. "The Cohen family doesn't seem to be that interested in him. Not even his own mother had paid much attention to him."

"Really?" asked Stella, puzzled. "But judging by how much she loves Weston, shouldn't she be doting on their son? Why would she ignore him like that?"

"I wouldn't say she completely ignored Zach," Wendy shrugged. "She would play the affectionate mummy's role whenever it benefited her, but as soon as Zach was useless to her, she'd set him aside as if he'd never existed."

She paused, then, with a meaningful smile, added, "If you were to be Zach's mother instead, I'm sure you'd do a much better job..."

Stella smiled and made no comments. Her mind seemed to be preoccupied... She stroked the diamond ring on her finger as her mind wandered. It occurred to her that perhaps the only way to extinguish the desires in Weston's heart was through Zach, after all...

That same day, an unknown woman turned up at the Ford Corporation headquarters.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 798

Chapter 798 Everyone instantly fell silent. Nobody argued with Daisy. They used to discuss all these things with her in the past, but things were different now.

Daisy was now Xavier Ford's girlfriend, after all.

Daisy herself seemed to have changed—she gave off the impression that she held the same position as the company's second-in-command, Wendy Ford.

As time went by, the other employees in the secretarial office no longer regarded her as a colleague but as one of their bosses. Unsurprisingly, as soon as she appeared, the others immediately clammed up and scattered back to their respective offices.

Alone, Daisy strode towards the sink and splashed water onto her face. She let out a long sigh, her face echoing the knotted frustrations she was feeling.

As Xavier's girlfriend, she was fully aware that Weston had indeed broken up with Guinevere Cohen. Still, she just felt inexplicably... embittered.

She had always presumed that no matter how much Weston liked Ella, he would never break up with Guinevere Cohen because the difference in their social standing was just too immense to ignore. After all, men never prioritized love and romance the way women did —

they always separated the emotional matters from the matters of benefits and interests. Daisy

had always been sure that no matter how much Weston loved Ella, he would never do anything that would bring more harm than benefits to himself.

Yet, to her surprise, Weston would do such a thing as breaking his engagement to Guinevere Cohen, thus spoiling his relationship with the great Cohen family, just because of Ella...

In that case, didn't it mean that she herself had a chance with him too?

Meanwhile, in a cozy but elegantly furnished cafe, Stella was sitting across Wendy at a table. She had never liked drinking coffee. She hated its bitter taste. Yet, the more she tried it, the more she warmed up to it. She could even drink a cup of black coffee without any complaints now.

"I've heard everything about what happened between you and Gwen."

Wendy took a sip from her coffee and put the cup down on the saucer.

"Still," she sighed, "I never expected her to be capable of doing such a horrible thing."

Although the truth was not known by the public because the Cohen family had aggressively suppressed the

circulation of the news, the two families involved knew perfectly well who had ordered the kidnapping of Ella Steele. "It's all in the past now," Stella responded with a blank face, pursing her lips.

She sounded as if she no longer minded it, but Wendy could sense that there was still a trace of resentment in her heart.

"How has Weston been treating you lately?" she asked, wishing to change the subject.

"He's been treating me well."

"That's good to hear," Wendy replied. "To tell you the truth, I actually like you more than Gwen."

"You are my goddaughter now," she continued, "but it doesn't really mean anything in the greater scheme of things. If only you could really join the Ford family, that would be great, wouldn't it?"

Stella said nothing. She picked up her cup and sipped her coffee.

"So, how is Zach doing?" she asked, suddenly bringing up Weston and Guinevere's child.

Wendy was initially startled, but she then smiled and understood what Stella was implying. "Zach had been with his nannies all day lately," she told

Stella. "The Cohen family doesn't seem to be that interested in him. Not even his own mother had paid much attention to him."

"Really?" asked Stella, puzzled. "But judging by how much she loves Weston, shouldn't she be doting on their son? Why would she ignore him like that?"

"I wouldn't say she completely ignored Zach," Wendy shrugged. "She would play the affectionate mummy's role whenever it benefited her, but as soon as Zach was useless to her, she'd set him aside as if he'd never existed."

She paused, then, with a meaningful smile, added, "If you were to be Zach's mother instead, I'm sure you'd do a much better job..."

Stella smiled and made no comments. Her mind seemed to be preoccupied... She stroked the diamond ring on her finger as her mind wandered. It occurred to her that perhaps the only way to extinguish the desires in Weston's heart was through Zach, after all...

That same day, an unknown woman turned up at the Ford Corporation headquarters.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 799

Chapter

799 The unknown woman had made a request to meet Weston Ford, but she had no appointments with him, nor had her name ever been in the registrations.

The receptionist eyed her suspiciously.

"Mr. Ford is in a meeting at the moment," she informed her. "If you haven't made an appointment with him, I'm afraid I can't let you in..."

"Can you just tell him that I'm here, then?" the woman asked.

"Well..." the receptionist hesitated. "Why don't you contact Mr. Ford yourself?"

"Okay," replied the woman, no longer wishing to trouble the receptionist. "I'll wait for him outside."

"Sure," the receptionist sighed in relief. "The waiting area for guests is over there."

As the woman walked away, the receptionist gazed at her with curiosity. There had never been any beautiful young woman coming here and asking to meet Weston Ford before. Sure, Guinevere Cohen had been here many times, and there had been successful businesswomen

who had come for meetings with the president as well. Weston Ford, however, had never fooled around with women like

the other rich men.

It was why this woman's sudden appearance was especially dubious. She had to be cautious, just in case.

Meanwhile, Stella picked up her phone and stared at it. She had wanted to give Weston a call, but hearing from the receptionist that he was still in a meeting, she thought it best to just wait and not interrupt his work.

--

She was here to give him a surprise anyway, so if she called him now, the surprise would be totally spoiled. With that in mind, she settled on the sofa in the waiting area for guests and waited for Weston while caressing the ring on her finger. Daisy had just finished compiling her documents, and she was coming out of the conference room when she recognized a familiar figure from afar.

It was Ella Steele.

She stopped in her tracks. She wondered why that woman would be here. In fact, she even looked like she was barred from going inside by the receptionist. Daisy didn't approach Ella and asked her directly. Instead, she found out what happened from the receptionist. Hearing what had transpired, she could guess that Ella was trying to give Weston a surprise.

Mixed feelings arose in her heart.

She wasn't exactly sure what she felt, but she realized she was nothing like Ella.

She would never do such a frivolous thing if it had been up to her. She had always been a rational and sensible person. As Weston's secretary, she made sure never to do anything pointless and idiotic. Had she been Weston's girlfriend, she would've never acted as foolishly and childishly as Ella did.

"Do you know this woman?" asked the receptionist.

Daisy considered it for a while and shook her head.

"I've never seen her before," she said. "Anyway, she has no appointments with the boss, so it's best that we don't let her in, just in case."

"Okay," the receptionist nodded. "I got it." Stella was starting to get bored sitting on the sofa. She checked the time, then noticed Daisy from a distance. Stella got up to her feet,

thinking that Daisy had spotted her, but to her surprise, Daisy looked away after glancing at her, leaving as if she didn't recognize her.

But Stella was confident that Daisy saw her just now. Why did she act like she didn't? Or was she mistaken? Perhaps Daisy didn't recognize her?

She thought about it. She had indeed not been getting along very well with Xavier Ford, but she had never had any problems with Daisy before, except the time they were in Zeta's office. But even then, Stella had been

clearly attacking Xavier, not Daisy.

Stella massaged her temples and decided not to give the matter another thought. Daisy was just a stranger to her, after all. By the time she was able to leave Weston, she'd have absolutely no ties with any of these people.

She checked the time again and thought she'd better not just waste her time waiting. She reached into her bag and grabbed her tablet. She then studied her script and jotted down some notes on it.

Not long afterward, she was distracted by a hunch that someone was standing in front of her. She put her tablet away and looked up.

Mr. Ford Is Jealous by Boat of Peaches Chapter 800

Chapter 800 When Stella finally recognized the face that had appeared in front of her, she smiled.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "It's you!"

"What are you doing here, Miss Steele?"

Ben was initially surprised, but he became slightly embarrassed when he noticed the expressions on Stella's face.

"Did you think that I was Mr. Ford?" he asked. "He's still in a meeting right now. I came down to get some documents for him. How about waiting for him in his office instead, Miss Steele?"

The receptionist sprang to her feet when she saw Ben politely addressing the woman and held her breath in terror. She had assumed that the woman was suspicious when even Daisy didn't know her, but judging from how Ben treated her; she must be someone really special to *Mr. Ford*.

Did she just make a terrible mistake not letting her in?

But Stella had no intention to cause the receptionist any trouble.

“Don’t tell Weston that I’ll be waiting for him in his office, okay? I want to give him a surprise!”

“Okay,” replied Ben without any hesitation,

He was sure that Weston would be fine with it, in fact, as things stood, even if Stella wanted Weston to get her the stars in the sky, Ben was sure that Weston would do anything in his power to get them for her or die trying

Today was the first time Stella came to Weston’s office on her own accord. Ben had shown her into the office and left. Now all alone, she sat down in his chair and slowly closed her eyes.

For some reason , Weston’s office chair felt, unlike any other chair she had ever sat on. It made her feel as if she was on top of the world. She immensely enjoyed the feeling.

With her eyes closed, she swiveled the chair back and forth and swung her legs without a care in the world until the chair suddenly stopped moving.

Stella could feel the presence of someone else close by. She detected a scent, a familiar scent that could only belong to Weston. He smelled clean with a hint of coldness.

A smile cropped up on her face before she could control herself, but she still would not open her eyes. She knew exactly who was there with her, but she pretended to be asleep.

The next thing she knew, Weston pinned her against the chair’s backrest and kissed her ravenously. He was forceful and unyielding. Stella felt like she was being sucked into a vortex where there was nothing she could do to escape.

“Weston...” she moaned and complained , wishing to get away from him.

Weston pulled away, only for him to return again a second later as he kissed her just as greedily as he did before. Stella tried to turn away from him, but as his lips parted, his hot breath enveloped her face, and she couldn’t get away from him no matter how hard she tried.

Sensing that she would soon be out of breath, Weston slowly let go of her. He raised her chin and whispered in her ear, "Say my name."

"...What?"

His raw passion was evident and too powerful for her to handle. She reached out her hand and grabbed his necktie.

"No!" she pleaded. "Don't do this..."

Weston took hold of her wrists and raised her arms above her head. His wristwatch felt stone cold as it pressed against her skin.

"Say my name," he repeated.

The coldness of his watch contrasted with the heat coming from the palm of his hand, and it made Stella shrink away from him.

Weston chuckled under his breath before pulling her back towards him. "Didn't you say you wanted to give me a surprise?" He teased her. "Why are you shying away from me now?"

Stella became clear-headed for a moment, and she grumbled, "I told Ben to keep it a secret! Why did he tell you about it?"

"Did you forget that he works for me?"